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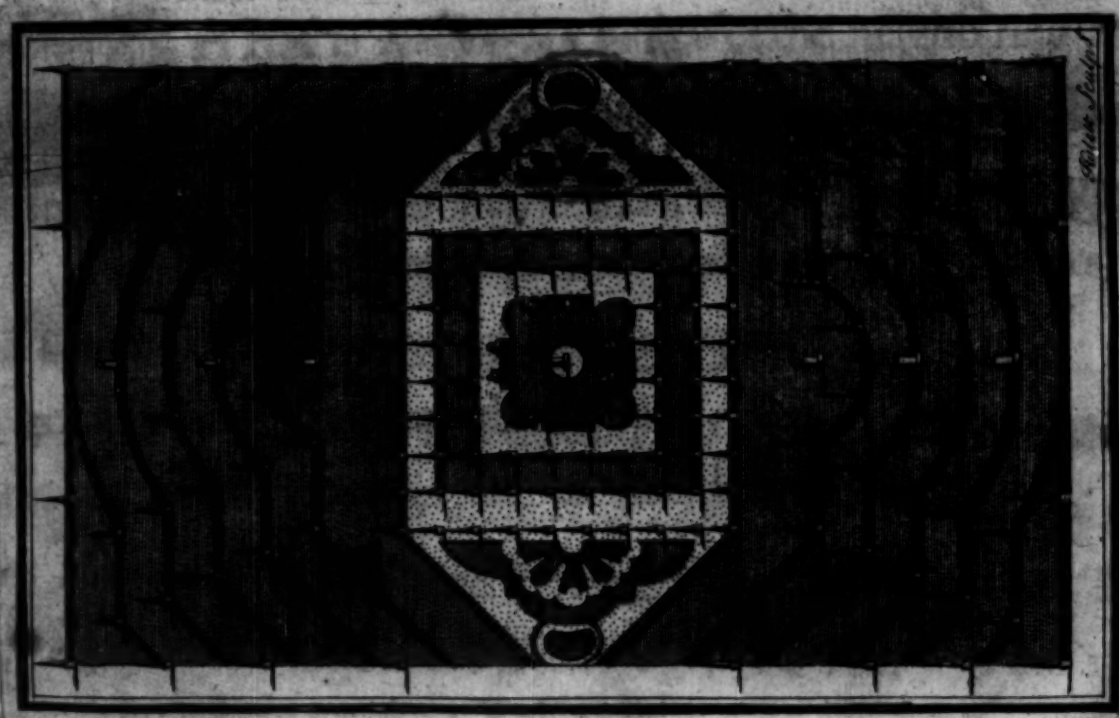
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# KENSINGTON GARDEN.

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----- *Campos, ubi Troja fuit.* Virg.

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L O N D O N:

Printed for J. Tonson, in the Strand. MDCCXXII.  
*Februar.* 1

KENSINGTON

KING'S ROAD N.W.

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---Campers chi Troje für. Vire.



L O N D O N :

Printed for J. Toppin, in the Strand.

## KENSINGTON

## GARDEN.



HERE *Kensington* high o'er the neighb'ring lands  
 'Midst greens and sweets, a Regal fabrick, stands,  
 And sees each spring, luxuriant in her bowers,  
 A snow of blossoms, and a wilde of flowers,

The Dames of *Britain* oft in crowds repair

To gravel walks, and unpolluted air,

Here, while the Town in damps and darkness lies,

They breathe in sun-shine, and see azure skies;

Each walk, with robes of various dyes bespread,

Seems from afar a moving Tulip-bed,

Where



Where rich Brocades and glossy Damasks glow,  
And Chints, the rival of the show'ry Bow.

Here *England's* DAUGHTER, Darling of the land,  
Sometimes, surrounded with her virgin band,  
Gleams through the shades. She, tow'ring o'er the rest,  
Stands fairest of the fairer kind confest,  
Form'd to gain hearts, that *BRUNSWICK's* cause deny'd,  
And charm a people to her FATHER's side.

Long have these Groves to Royal Guests been known,  
Nor *Nassau* First prefer'd them to a Throne.  
E'er *Norman* banners wav'd in *British* air;  
E'er lordly *Hubba* with the golden hair  
Pour'd in his *Danes*; e'er elder *Julius* came;  
Or *Dardan Brutus* gave our Isle a name;  
A Prince of *Albion's* lineage grac'd the wood,  
The scene of wars, and stain'd with Lovers' blood.

You,



You, who through gazing crowds, your captive throng,  
Throw pangs and passions, as you move along,  
Turn on the Left, ye Fair, your radiant eyes,  
Where all un-level'd the gay garden lies:  
If generous anguish for Another's pains  
E'er heav'd your hearts, or shiver'd through your veins,  
Look down attentive on the pleasing Dale,  
And listen to my melancholy Tale.

That Hollow space, where now in living rows  
Line above line the Yew's sad verdure grows,  
Was, e'er the planter's hand its beauty gave,  
A common Pit, a rude unfashion'd Cave.  
The landskip now so sweet we well may praise:  
But far far sweeter in its ancient days,  
Far sweeter was it, when its peopled ground  
With Fairy domes and dazzling tow'rs was crown'd.  
Where in the midst those verdant Pillars spring,  
Rose the proud Palace of the Elfin King;

For

For ev'ry hedge of vegetable green,  
 In happier years a crowded street was seen;  
 Nor all those leaves, that now the prospect grace,  
 Could match the numbers of its Pygmy race.  
 What urg'd this mighty Empire to its fate,  
 A Tale of woe and wonder, I relate.

When *Albion* rul'd the land, whose lineage came  
 From *Neptune* mingling with a mortal dame,  
 Their midnight pranks the sprightly Fairies play'd  
 On ev'ry hill, and danc'd in ev'ry shade.  
 But, foes to sun-shine, most they took delight  
 In dells and dales conceal'd from human sight;  
 There hew'd their houses in the arching rock;  
 Or scoop'd the bosom of the blasted oak;  
 Or heard, o'ershadow'd by some shelving hill,  
 The distant murmurs of the falling rill.  
 They, rich in pilfer'd spoils, indulg'd their mirth,  
 And pity'd the huge wretched sons of Earth.

Ev'n

Even now, 'tis said, the Hinds o'erhear their strain,  
And strive to view their airy forms in vain:  
They to their cells at Man's approach repair,  
Like the shy Leveret, or the mother Hare,  
The whilst poor mortals startle at the sound  
Of unseen footsteps on the haunted ground.

Amid this Garden, then with woods o'ergrown,  
Stood the lov'd seat of royal *Oberon*,  
From every region to his palace-gate  
Came Peers and Princes of the Fairy state,  
Who, rank'd in council round the sacred shade,  
Their Monarch's will and great behests obey'd.  
From *Thame's* fair banks, by lofty towers adorn'd,  
With loads of plunder oft his chiefs return'd:  
Hence in proud robes, and colours bright and gay,  
Shone every Knight and every lovely Fay.  
Who-e'er on *Powell's* dazzling stage display'd,  
Hath fam'd King *Pepin* and his court survey'd,



May guess, if old by modern things we trace,  
The pomp and splendor of the Fairy race.

By magic fenc'd, by spells encompass'd round,  
No Mortal touch'd this interdicted ground;  
No Mortal enter'd, those alone who came  
Stolen from the couch of some terrestrial dame:  
For oft of babes they robb'd the matron's bed,  
And left some sickly changeling in their stead.

It chanc'd a youth of *Albion's* royal blood  
Was foster'd here, the wonder of the wood.  
*Milkah* for wiles above her peers renown'd,  
Deep-skill'd in charms and many a mystic sound,  
As through the Regal dome she sought for prey,  
Observ'd the infant *Albion* where he lay  
In mantles boider'd o'er with gorgeous pride,  
And stole him from the sleeping mother's side.

Who

Who now but *Milkab* triumphs in her mind!  
Ah wretched Nymph, to future evils blind!  
The time shall come when thou shalt dearly pay  
The theft, hard-hearted! of that guilty day;  
Thou in thy turn shalt like the Queen repine,  
And all her sorrows doubled shall be thine:  
He who adorns thy house, the lovely boy  
Who now adorns it, shall at length destroy  
Two hundred Moons in their pale course had seen  
The gay-robed Fairies glimmer on the green,  
And *Albion* now had reach'd in youthful prime  
To nineteen years, as Mortals measure time.  
Flush'd with resistless charms he fir'd to love  
Each Nymph and little *Dryad* of the grove;  
For skilful *Milkab* spar'd not to employ  
Her utmost art to rear the princely boy;  
Each supple limb she swaith'd, and tender bone,  
And to the Elfin standard kept him down;

She robb'd Dwarf-elders of their fragrant fruit,  
 And fed him early with the Daisy's root,  
 Whence through his veins the powerful juices ran,  
 And form'd in beauteous miniature the Man.  
 Yet still, two inches taller than the rest,  
 His lofty port his human birth confess;  
 A Foot in height, how stately did he show!  
 How look superiour on the crowd below!  
 What Knight like him could toss the rushy lance!  
 Who move so graceful in the mazy dance!  
 A shape so nice, or features half so fair,  
 What Elf could boast! or such a flow of hair!  
 Bright *Kenna* saw, a Princess born to reign,  
 And felt the charmer burd in ev'ry vein.  
 She, Heiress to this Empire's potent Lord,  
 Prais'd like the Stars, and next the Moon ador'd,  
 She, whom at distance Thrones and Princedoms view'd,  
 To whom proud *Oriel* and *Azrael* sue'd,  
 And to the Elfin standard kept him down;



In her high palace languish'd, void of joy,  
And pin'd in secret for a Mortal boy.  
He too was smitten, and discreetly strove  
By courtly deeds to gain the virgin's love.  
For her he cull'd the fairest flowers that grew,  
E'er morning suns had drain'd their fragrant dew;  
He chas'd the Hornet in his mid-day flight,  
And brought her Glow-worms in the noon of night;  
When on ripe fruits she cast a wishing eye,  
Did ever *Albion* think the tree too high!  
He show'd her where the pregnant Goldfinch hung,  
And the Wren-mother brooding o'er her young;  
To her th' inscription on their eggs he read,  
(Admire, ye clerks, the youth whom *Milkah* bred)  
To her he show'd each herb of virtuous juice,  
Their powers distinguish'd, and describ'd their use:  
All vain their powers alas to *Kenna* prove,  
And well sung *Ovid*, *There's no herb for Love*.

As

As when a ghost, enlarg'd from realms below,  
 Seeks its old friend to tell some secret woe,  
 The poor shade shivering stands, and must not break  
 His painful silence, 'till the mortal speak:  
 So far'd it with the little love-sick maid,  
 Forbid to utter, what her eyes betray'd.  
 He saw her anguish, and reveal'd his flame,  
 And spar'd the blushes of the tongue-ty'd dame.  
 The day would fail me, should I reckon o'er  
 The sighs they lavish'd, and the oaths they swore  
 In words so melting, that compar'd with those  
 The nicest courtship of terrestrial Beaus  
 Wou'd sound like compliments, from country clowns  
 To red-cheek'd sweet-hearts in their home-spun gowns.

All in a lawn of many a various hue  
 A bed of flowers (a Fairy forest) grew;  
 'Twas here one noon, the gaudiest of the May,  
 The still, the secret, silent, hour of day,

Beneath

Beneath a lofty Tulip's ample shade  
Sate the young lover and th' immortal maid,  
They thought all Fairies slept, ah luckless pair!  
Hid, but in vain, in the sun's noon-tide glare!  
When *Albion*, leaning on his *Kenna's* breast,  
Thus all the softness of his soul exprest.

‘ All things are hush’d. The sun’s meridian rays  
‘ Veil the horizon in one mighty blaze:  
‘ Nor moon nor star in heaven’s blue arch is seen.  
‘ With kindly rays to silver o’er the green,  
‘ Grateful to Fairy eyes; they secret take  
‘ Their rest, and only wretched mortals wake.  
‘ This dead of day I fly to thee alone,  
‘ A world to me, a multitude in one.  
‘ Oh sweet as dew-drops on these flowery lawns,  
‘ When the sky Opens and the evening dawns!  
‘ Streight as the Pink, that towers so high in air,  
‘ Soft as the Blow-bell! as the Daisy, fair!

‘ Blest,



- ' Blest be the hour, when first I was convey'd  
 ' An infant captive to this blissful shade!  
 ' And blest the hand that did my form refine,  
 ' And shrunk my stature to a match with thine!  
 ' Glad I for thee renounce my Royal birth,  
 ' And all the Giant daughters of the earth.  
 ' Thou, if thy breast with equal ardour burn,  
 ' Renounce thy kind, and love for love return.  
 ' So from us two, combin'd by nuptial ties,  
 ' A race unknown of Demi-gods shall rise.  
 ' Oh speak, my love! my vows with vows repay,  
 ' And sweetly swear my rising fears away.

To whom (the shining azure of her eyes  
 More brighten'd) thus th' enamour'd maid replies.

- ' By all the stars, and first the glorious Moon,  
 ' I swear, and by the head of Oberon,

- ‘ A dreadful oath! no Prince of Fairy line  
‘ Shall e’er in wedlock plight his vows with mine.  
‘ Where-e’er my footsteps in the dance are seen,  
‘ May toadstools rise, and mildews blaft the green,  
‘ May the keen east-wind blight my fav’rite flowers,  
‘ And snakes and spotted adders haunt my bowers.  
‘ Confin’d whole ages in an hemlock shade  
‘ There rather pine I a neglected maid,  
‘ Or worse, exil’d from *Cynthia*’s gentle rays,  
‘ Parch in the sun a thousand summer-days,  
‘ Than any Prince, a Prince of Fairy line,  
‘ In sacred wedlock plight his vows with mine.

She ended: and with lips of roſie hue  
Dipt five times over in Ambroſial dew,  
Stifled his words. When, from his covert rear’d,  
The frowning brow of *Oberon* appear’d.  
A Sun-flower’s trunk was near, whence (killing fight!)  
The monarch iſſu’d, half an ell in height:

Full on the pair a furious look he cast,  
Nor spoke; but gave his bugle-horn a blast  
That through the woodland echo'd far and wide,  
And drew a swarm of subjects to his side.  
A hundred chosen Knights, in war renown'd,  
Drive *Albion* banish'd from the sacred ground;  
And twice ten myriads guard the bright abodes,  
Where the proud King, amidst his Demi-gods,  
For *Kenna's* sudden Bridal bids prepare,  
And to *Azurriel* gives the weeping fair.

If fame in arms, with ancient birth combin'd,  
A faultless beauty, and a spotless mind,  
To love and praise can generous souls incline,  
That love, *Azurriel*, and that praise was thine.  
Blood, only less than royal, fill'd thy veins,  
Proud was thy roof, and large thy fair domains.  
Where now the skies high *Holland-House* invades,  
And short-liv'd *Warwick* sadden'd all the shades,

Thy



Thy dwelling stood: nor did in him afford  
A nobler owner, or a lovelier Lord.  
For thee a hundred Fields produc'd their store,  
And by thy name ten thousand vassals swore;  
So lov'd thy name, that, at their monarch's choice,  
All *Fairy* shouted with a general voice.

*Oriel* alone a secret rage suppress'd,  
That from his bosom heav'd the golden vest.  
Along the banks of *Thame* his empire ran,  
Wide was his range, and populous his clan.  
When cleanly servants, if we trust old tales,  
Beside their wages had good *Fairy* vailes,  
Whole heaps of silver Tokens, nightly paid  
The careful wife or the neat dairy-maid,  
Sunk not his stores. With smiles and powerful Bribes  
He gain'd the leaders of his neighbour tribes,  
And e'er the night the face of heav'n had change'd,  
Beneath his banners half the Fairies range'd.

Mean-while driven back to earth, a lonely way  
 The chearless *Albion* wander'd half the day,  
 A long long journey, choak'd with brakes and thorns  
 Ill measur'd by ten thousand Barly-corns.  
 Tir'd out at length, a spreading stream he spy'd  
 Fed by old *Thame*, a daughter of the tide:  
 'Twas then a spreading stream, tho' now, its fame  
 Obscur'd, it bears the *Creek's* inglorious name,  
 And creeps, as through contracted bounds it strays,  
 A leap for boys in these degenerate days.

On the clear chrystal's verdant bank he stood,  
 And thrice look'd backward on the fatal wood,  
 And thrice he groan'd, and thrice he beat his breast,  
 And thus in tears his kindred Gods addrest.

' If true, ye watery powers, my lineage came  
 ' From *Neptune* mingling with a mortal dame;

Down

‘ Down to his court, with coral garlands crown’d,  
‘ Through all your grottoes waft my plaintive sound,  
‘ And urge the God, whose trident shakes the earth,  
‘ To grace his off-spring, and assert my birth.

He said. A gentle *Naiad* heard his prayer,  
And, touch’d with pity for a lover’s care,  
Shoots to the sea, where low beneath the tides  
Old *Neptune* in th’ unfathom’d deep resides.  
Rous’d at the news the sea’s stern Sultan swore  
Revenge, and scarce from present arms forbore:  
But first the Nymph his harbinger he sends,  
And to her care the fav’rite boy commends.

As through the *Thames* her backward course she guides,  
Driven up his current by the reflux tides,  
Along his banks the Pygmy legions spread  
She spies, and haughty *Oriel* at their head.

Soon



Soon with wrong'd *Albion's* name the host she fires,  
 And counts the ocean's God among his fires;  
 ' The ocean's God, by whom shall be o'erthrown,  
 ' (*Styx* heard his oath) the tyrant *Oberon*.  
 ' See here beneath a roadstool's deadly gloom  
 ' Lies *Albion*: Him the Fates your leader doom.  
 ' Hear and obey; 'tis *Neptune's* powerful call,  
 ' By him *Azariel* and his King shall fall.

She said. They bow'd: and on their shields up-bore  
 With shouts their new-saluted Emperour.  
 Even *Oriel* smil'd: at least to smile he strove,  
 And hopes of vengeance triumph'd over love.

See now the mourner of the lonely shade  
 By Gods protected, and by hosts obey'd,  
 A slave, a chief, by fickle fortune's play,  
 In the short course of one revolving day.

What

What wonder if the youth, so strangely blest,  
Felt his heart flutter in his little breast!  
His thick embattell'd troops, with secret pride,  
He views extended half an acre wide;  
More light he treads, more tall he seems to rise,  
And struts a straw-breadth nearer to the skies.

O for thy Muse, \* great Bard, whose lofty strains  
In battle join'd the *Pygmies* and the *Cranes*!  
Each gawdy knight, had I that warmth divine,  
Each colour'd legion in my verse should shine.  
But simple I, and innocent of art,  
The tale, that sooth'd my infant years, impart,  
The tale I heard whole winter eves, untir'd,  
And sing the battles, that my nurse inspir'd.

Now the shrill corn-pipes, echoing loud to arms,  
To rank and file reduce the straggling swarms.

\* Mr. Addison.

Thick rows of spears at once, with sudden glare,  
A grove of needles, glitter in the air;  
Loose in the winds small ribbon streamers flow,  
Dipt in all colours of the heavenly bow,  
And the gay host, that now it's march pursues,  
Gleams o'er the meadows in a thousand hues.

On *Buda's* plains thus formidably bright,  
Shone *Asia's* sons, a pleasing dreadful fight,  
In various robes their silken troops were seen,  
The blue, the red, and Prophet's sacred green:  
When blooming *BRUNSWICK* near the *Danube's* flood,  
First stain'd his maiden sword in *Turkish* blood.

Unseen and silent march the flow brigades  
Through pathless wildes, and un-frequented shades.  
In hope already, vanquish'd by surprize,  
In *Albion's* power the Fairy empire lies;

Already



Already has he seiz'd on *Kenna's* charms,  
And the glad beauty trembles in his arms.

The march concludes: and now in prospect near,  
But fenc'd with arms, the hostile Towers appear.  
For *Oberon*, or Druids falsely sing,  
Wore his Prime *Visir* in a magic Ring,  
A subtle Spright, that opening Plots foretold  
By sudden Dimness on the beamy gold.  
Hence, in a crescent form'd, his legions bright  
With beating bosoms waited for the fight;  
To charge their foes they march, a glittering band,  
And in their van doth bold *Azuriel* stand.

What rage that hour did *Albion's* soul possess,  
Let chiefs imagine and let lovers guess!  
Forth issuing from his ranks, that strove in vain  
To check his course, athwart the dreadful plain

D

He

He strides indignant; and with haughty cries  
To single fight the Fairy Prince defies.

Forbear, rash youth, th' unequal war to try;  
Nor, sprung from mortals, with immortals vie.  
No God stands ready to avert thy doom,  
Nor yet thy Grandfire of the Waves is come.  
My words are vain——no words the wretch can move,  
By beauty dazled, and bewitch'd by love:  
He longs, he burns, to win the glorious prize,  
And sees no danger, while he sees her eyes.

Now from each host the eager warriors start,  
And furious *Albion* flings his hasty dart.  
'Twas feather'd from the Bee's transparent wing,  
And it's shaft ended in a Horner's sting;  
But, tost in rage, it flew without a wound,  
High o'er the foe, and guiltless pierc'd the ground.

Not

Not so *Azuriel's*: with unerring aim  
Too near the needle-pointed javelin came,  
Drove through the seven-fold shield, and filken vest,  
And lightly ras'd the Lover's ivory breast.  
Rous'd at the smart, and rising to the blow,  
With his keen sword he cleaves his Fairy foe,  
Sheer from the shoulder to the waste he cleaves,  
And of one Arm the tottering trunk bereaves.

His useless steel brave *Albion* wields no more,  
But sternly smiles, and thinks the combat o'er:  
So had it been, had aught of mortal strain,  
Or less than Fairy, felt the deadly pain,  
But Empyrean forms, how'er in fight  
Gash'd and dismember'd, easily unite.  
As some frail cup of *China's* purest mold,  
With azure vernish'd, and bedropt with gold,  
Tho' broke, if cur'd by some nice virgin's hands,  
In it's old strength and pristine beauty stands;



The tumults of the boiling *Bohea* braves,  
 And holds secure the *Coffee's* sable waves:  
 So did *Azuriel's* Arm, if fame say true,  
 Rejoin the vital trunk whence first it grew;  
 And, whilst in wonder fixt poor *Albion* stood,  
 Plung'd the curst sabre in his heart's warm blood.  
 The golden broidery, tender *Milkah* wove,  
 The breast, to *Kenna* sacred and to love,  
 Lie rent and mangled: and the gaping wound  
 Pours out a flood of purple on the ground.  
 The jetty lustre sickens in his eyes:  
 On his cold cheeks the bloomy freshness dies,  
 ' Oh *Kenna, Kenna*, thrice he try'd to say,  
 ' *Kenna* farewell: ' and sigh'd his soul away.

His fall the *Dryads* with loud shrieks deplore,  
 By sister *Naiads* echo'd from the shore,  
 Thence down to *Neptune's* secret realms convey'd,  
 Through grotts, and glooms, and many a coral shade.

The sea's great Sire, with looks denouncing war,  
 The trident shakes, and mounts the pearly carr:  
 With one stern Frown the wide-spread deep deforms,  
 And works the madding ocean into storms.  
 O'er foaming mountains, and through bursting tides,  
 Now high, now low, the bounding chariot rides,  
 'Till through the *Thames* in a loud whirlwind's roar  
 It shoots, and lands him on the destin'd shore.

Now fix'd on earth his tow'ring stature stood,  
 Hung o'er the mountains, and o'erlook'd the wood.  
 To *Brumpton's* grove one ample stride he took,  
 (The valleys trembled, and the forests shook)  
 The next huge step reach'd the devoted shade,  
 Where choak'd in blood was wretched *Albion* laid:  
 Where now the Vanquish'd, with the Victors join'd,  
 Beneath the Regal banners stood combin'd.

Th' em-

Th' embattel'd dwarfs with rage and scorn he past,  
 And on their Town his eye vindictive cast  
 It's deep foundations his strong trident cleaves,  
 And high in air th' up-rooted empire heaves;  
 On his broad engine the vast ruine hung,  
 Which on the foe with force divine he flung:  
 Aghast the legions in th' approaching shade,  
 Th' inverted spires and rocking domes survey'd,  
 That downward tumbling on the host below  
 Crush'd the whole nation at one dreadful blow.  
 Towers, arms, nymphs, warriors, are together lost,  
 And a whole empire falls to foot and host.

Such was the period, long restrain'd by fate,  
 And such the downfall of the Fairy state.  
 This Dale, a pleasing region, not unblest,  
 This Dale possess they, and had still possess;

Had



Had not their monarch, with a Father's pride,  
Rent from her Lord th' inviolable Bride,  
Rash to dissolve the contract seal'd above,  
The solemn vows and sacred bonds of love.  
Now, where his elves so sprightly danc'd the round,  
No violet breathes, nor daisy paints the ground,  
His towers and people fill one common grave,  
A shapeless ruine, and a barren cave.

Beneath huge hills of smoking piles he lay  
Strun'd and confounded a whole summer's day,  
At length awak'd (for what can long restrain  
Unbody'd spirits!) but awak'd in pain:  
And as he saw the desolated wood,  
And the dark den where once his empire stood,  
Grief chill'd his heart: to his half-open'd eyes  
In every oak a *Neptune* seem'd to rise:  
He fled: and left, with all his trembling Peers,  
The long possession of a thousand years.

Through

Through bush, through brake, through groves and gloomy  
 Through dank and dry, o'er streams and flowery vales, [dales,  
 Direct they fled; but often look'd behind,  
 And stopt and started at each rustling wind.  
 Wing'd with like fear his abdicated bands,  
 Disperse and wander into different lands.  
 Part hid beneath the *Peak's* deep caverns lie,  
 In silent glooms impervious to the sky;  
 Part on fair *Avon's* margin seek repose,  
 Whose stream o'er *Britain's* midmost region flows,  
 Where formidable *Neptune* never came,  
 And seas and oceans are but known by fame:  
 Some to dark woods and secret shades retreat:  
 And some on mountains chuse their airy seat.  
 There haply by the ruddy damsel seen,  
 Or shepherd-boy, they featly foot the green,  
 While from their steps a Circling verdure springs;  
 But fly from Towns, and dread the courts of Kings.

Mean-

Through

Mean-while fad *Kenna*, loath to quit the grove,  
 Hung o'er the body of her breathless love,  
 Try'd every art, (vain arts!) to change his doom,  
 And vow'd (vain vows!) to join him in the tomb.  
 What could she do? the Fates alike deny  
 The Dead to live, or Fairy forms to die.

An herb there grows (the same old \* *Homer* tells  
*Ulysses* bore to rival *Circe's* spells)  
 It's root is ebon-black, but sends to light  
 A stem that bends with flowrets milky-white,  
*Moly* the plant, which Gods and Fairies know,  
 But secret kept from mortal men below.  
 On his pale limbs it's virtuous juice she shed,  
 And murmur'd mystic numbers o'er the dead,  
 When lo! the little shape by magic power  
 Grew less and less, contracted to a Flower,  
 A flower, that first in this sweet garden smil'd,  
 To virgins sacred, and the *Snow-drop* styl'd.



The new-born plant with sweet regret she view'd,  
Warm'd with her sighs, and with her tears bedew'd,  
It's ripen'd seeds from bank to bank convey'd,  
And with her lover Whiten'd half the shade.  
Thus won from death each spring she sees him grow,  
And glories in the vegetable snow,  
Which now increas'd through wide *Britannia's* plains,  
It's parent's warmth and spotless Name retains,  
First leader of the flowery race aspires,  
And foremost catches the sun's genial fires,  
Mid frosts and snows triumphant dares appear,  
Mingles the seasons, and leads on the year.

Deserted now of all the Pygmy race,  
Nor Man nor Fairy touch'd this guilty place.  
In heaps on heaps, for many a rowling age,  
It lay accurst, the mark of *Neptune's* rage,  
Till great *Nassau* reeloth'd the desert shade,  
Thence sacred to *Britannia's* Monarchs made.

Twas

'Twas then the green-robe'd nymph, fair *Kenna*, came,  
(*Kenna* that gave the neighb'ring town it's name.)  
Proud when she saw th'ennobled garden shine,  
With Nymphs and Heroes of her lover's line,  
She vow'd to grace the mansions once her own,  
And picture out in plants the Fairy town.  
To far-fam'd *Wise* her flight unseen she sped,  
And with gay prospects fill'd the craftsman's head,  
Soft in his fancy drew a pleasing scheme,  
And plann'd that landskip in a morning dream.

With the sweet view the Sire of gardens fir'd,  
Attempts the labour by the Nymph inspir'd,  
The walls and streets in rows of Yew designs,  
And forms the Town in all it's ancient lines;  
The corner trees he lifts more high in air,  
And girds the Palace with a verdant Square;  
Nor knows, while round he views the rising scenes,  
He builds a City as he plants his Greens.

With a sad pleasure the Aërial maid,  
 This image of her ancient realm survey'd,  
 How change'd, how fallen from it's primæval pride!  
 Yet here each Moon, the hour her lover dy'd,  
 Each Moon his solemn obsequies she pays,  
 And leads the dance beneath pale *Cynthia's* rays;  
 Pleas'd in these shades to head her Fairy train,  
 And grace the groves where *Albion's* Kinsmen reign

F I N I S.





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